THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Othello.*

No. 3722. *Wednesday, Nov. 20, 1833.* *Price 1d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Covent Garden Theatre.

THE Grand Opera of *Gustavus the Third* was repeated here last night, with *The Ferry and the Mill.* Drury Lane Theatre was closed in order that there might be a night rehearsal of *Antony and Cleopatra,* which was announced for this evening, but is postponed till to-morrow night, in consequence of the indisposition of a principal performer.

ADELPHI.—Mr. Addison's Operatic Burlesque, *The Butterfly's Ball,* founded on the poem of the same title, was produced at this house on Monday night, and would doubtless have been completely successful but for the utter incompetence of Mr. Reeve to deliver six consecutive words of his part. Every one must be aware that more than half they hear from this *spirited* actor is his own gag, but as he does not possess the talent of improvising rhymes. his gag on this occasion was unbearable. It is a pleasing subject, has been handled with tact by the anthor, and produced with taste and splendour by the manager, the music, partly selected by A. Lee, is tasteful and more than ordinarily pleasing, the dresses and scenery beautiful, and the dancing graceful, so that but for the culpable negligence of Reeve, (who deserves to have his wings singed for it,) the Burletta would have been hailed with unmixed applause. It must have been dreadfully annoying to both author and manager to have their hopes blighted by such conduct.

Mr. G. Rodwell has just published a very modest but clever letter, addressed to the Musicians of Great Britain, the object of which is to incite them to unite in their endeavours to emancipate the English musicians from their present degraded state. He says "The greatest of our native composers at this moment cannot command an engagement at any salary whatever. And not he alone, but every English professor shares the same fate; and why? because *foreigners* are allowed to push us from our homes, and fatten on our distress." As a remedy, Mr. Rodwell suggests that a petition be presented to the King, praying for a patent to erect and open a Grand National Opera, whose aim should be science, whose end charity. The Theatre to be raised by donations of any amount down to a penny, so that it might be placed in the power of every one to shew his national feeling. None but native talent to be employed in any department of the Theatre. We have not space to give any further details, we can only add

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that whether the project be put into execution or not, the suggestion is alike creditable to the head and heart of Mr. Rodwell.

Sans Souci, Leicester Square.—This little Theatre is to be opened on Saturday for the performance of Vaudevilles, by subscription, under an anonymous director, who says he has engaged a company of native but unobtrusive talent.

A distinction and a difference.—William Shakspeare and John Poole are both known as dramatists, though each is known for a quality opposite to that for which the other is peculiar. Shakspeare *took his characters from the life*, while Poole contrives, to *take the life from the characters!*

Paganini is going, says an evening paper, to visit the French *capital.* In England he never entered a town without visiting the *capital* to some purpose, as the sums he drew from the pockets of the humbugged inhabitants will most amply testify.

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I address you from The Union, just through Temple Bar, kept by Bacon, "late of the Cock,"—had a capital Chop, real Cognac, all moderate—recommend my friends to pop in—won't intrude—all snug—but beg pardon, just wish to say a word, hope I don't intrude—will you excuse me, I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, & the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday, call at the Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street, to see the beautiful copy of *Martin's Belshazzar's Feast*, painted expressly, with Dioramic effect, by H. Sebron for this Establishment.—This is the Picture that excited so much curiosity in the Court of Chancery, for which the Vice Chancellor refused the Injunction—found it crowded to suffocation. *The Physiorama*, containing 14 views, has been added to the *Diorama*, forming together one Exhibiton for a 1s

Afterwards pop in a few doors higher up to *mon ami*, Palmer jun. just located from St. James's-st.—his new Dressing Case is positively a '*Portable Toilet*,' a Travelling requisite—so pretty—*so cheap*.—Aunt Paulina promises me one for a Christmas Box!!!

But stop, I must run to that well established emporium of fashion, *The Western Exchange Bazaar*, Old Bond Street, all my country cousins are waiting for my opinion before they make the purchases;—and then we visit, in the gallery above, that astonishing specimen of human industry, *The Model of London*, where every man may find his own dwelling, if he has one.—120,000 Houses!!—140 Churches!!!

Ashamed of the rain penetrating my Beaver, determined "to set my crown upon a cast," dropt into Perring's, 85, Strand, purchased one equal to Vestris in beauty and durability, and as *waterproof* as Jack Reeve—quite a bargain, only a Guinea.

Tuesday, I have a great treat by lounging for an hour or two at the Suffolk Street Gallery, contemplating the choice specimens of the British School of Painting which adorn its walls. Everybody must go, for the artist, the connoisseur, and the mere *desæuvre*, will be equally delighted and instructed.

Monday and Thursday dine at the Table d'Hote provided by Evans, formerly at Covent Garden Theatre, at his hotel, late Joy's, Piazza—served with elegance, enlivened with the singing and wit of his brother actors.—Can have a Chop, &c. for Supper here as cheap as at his old house in Maiden Lane.

On Friday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.

Several of my friends having been misled by external appearances, and popped into the wrong shop, I would recommend them in future to order their Wines and Spirits *by post*, as there can be no mistake in directing letters to Brett's Patent Brandy Depot, 109, Drury Lane.

How Macready shines to-night, says I, at Drury—Mrs P. instantly asked me this Con.—"Who is the most shining and reflecting man, & the greatest friend to the *Polish* cause in London?" looked at my brilliant boots, and exclaimed "*Robert Warren!*"—Isn't that a good one?—but I intrude, beg pardon—

Your's, &c. PAUL PRY.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, a new Grand Historical Opera, called

Gustavus the Third;

OR, THE MASKED BALL.

The Scenery, which is on a scale of Magnitude never before attempted in this country by Messrs Grieve and Assistants.

The Decorations by Mr Bradwell—Machinery by Mr Sloman—Plumassier, Mad. Minon—The Costumes, by Mr Palmer, Mr Head, &c—Chandeliers by Mr Brookes.

The Dances arranged by M. Anathole, engaged for the occasion.

The whole produced under the Direction of Mr. FARLEY.

Gustavus the Third, Mr WARDE,
Col. Lillienhorn, Mr TEMPLETON, Count Dehorn, Mr SEGUIN,
The Baron Bjelke, Mr BAKER,
Count D'Esseu, Mr PERKINS, Count Ribbing, Mr WILSON,
Captain Ankarstrom, Mr H. PHILLIPS,
Oscar, (Favorite Page to the King,) Miss SHIRREFF,
Pages of Honour, Mesdames, Reid, Richardson, Mears, Sutton.
Christian Engleheart, Mr BEDFORD,
Ambassadors to the Court of Sweden, Mess. Brady, Brown, &c.
Madame Ankarstrom, Miss INVERARITY,
Arvedson,..... (a Fortune-teller) .....Mrs FITZWILLIAM,

The following is the order of the New Scenery:

Grand Saloon in the King's Palace—Triumphal Arch of Queen Christina—Interior of Fortune Teller's Abode—Distant View of Stockholm, by Moonlight, from the Place of Public Execution—Norr-malm Square, in Stockholm—Apartment in the House of Ankarstrom—Royal Gardens, with the Fountains of Neptune—The Saloon of the Opera at Stockholm, fitted up for the Masked Ball, in which will be introduced the fashionable German Pas, principal Dancer, Mrs Vining, with Mdlles. Payne, Hall, Hill, Bennett, Perry, Froud, Conway, & Marsano. The celebrated Danse des Folies, principal Folie, Mlle. Celeste. Folies, Mlles. Thomasin, Fairbrother. Fenton, Ryals, &c. &c. A Figure Dance by Mr Payne and Mr F. Sutton—The Parisian Gallopade, promenade of the characters, in which will appear nearly the whole of the company of the two Theatres, assisted by above 250 additional members, habited in the most gorgeous varied costumes. The piece will terminate with the Assassination of Gustavus.

To conclnde with, the new Farce, called

My Neighbour's Wife!

Mr Somerton, Mr COOPER, Mr Brown, Mr MEADOWS,
Mr Smith, Mr BARTLEY,
Mrs Somerton, Miss TAYLOR, Mrs Brown, Miss KENNETH,
Mrs Smith, Miss MURRAY.

To-morrow, Gustavus the Third, and The Ferry and the Mill.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, the Comedy, of

The Road to Ruin.

Old Dornton, Mr DOWTON,
Harry Dornton, Mr COOPER, Goldfinch. Mr HARLEY,
Milford, Mr BRINDAL,
Sulky, Mr BARTLEY, Silky, Mr BLANCHARD,
Mr Smith, Mr YOUNGE,
Jacob, Mr HUGHES, Hosier, Mr YARNOLD,
Furrier, Mr HATTON, Hatter, Mr BARNARD,
Waiter, Mr BROWN, Tennis Marker, Mr TURNOUR,
Bailiffs, Messrs. F. COOKE, and JENKINS,
William, Mr HONNER, Postillion, Mr Richardson,
Widow Warren, Mrs GLOVER,
Sophia, Miss TAYLOR, Jenny, Mrs HUMBY,
Mrs Ledger, Mrs BROAD,
Milliner..... Miss SOMERVILLE,
Mantua Maker, Mrs CHESTER,

After which, the Interlude of

OLD AND YOUNG.

Mr Milford, Mr AYLIFFE, Peter, Mr TURNOUR,
Charles Mowbray, Mr BAKER, Peggy, Mrs CHESTER,
Matilda Mowbray..... Miss POOLE!
Hector Mowbray..... Miss POOLE!!
Gobbleton Mowbray..... Miss POOLE!!!
Foppington Mowbray..... Miss POOLE!!!!

In which she will introduced the Songs of
"*The Merry little Drummer*," & "*Meet me by Moonlight.*"

To conclude with, the popular Drama of

THE BRIGAND.

Prince Bianchi, Govenor of Rome, Mr YOUNGE,
Albert, Mr BRINDAL, Theodore, Mr WOOD,
Officer, Mr S. JONES, Cardinal Secretary, Mr FENTON
Nicolo, Mr AYLIFFE, Fabio, Mr HUGHES,
Alessandro Massaroni, ... Mr T. P. COOKE,
(His First Appearance in that Character)
Rubaldo, (his Lieutenant) Mr BEDFORD,
Uberto, Mr HENRY, Carlotti, Mr YARNOLD,
Ottavia, (Prince Bianchi's Niece) Miss LEE,
Maria Grazie, (the Brigand's Wife) Mrs VINING.

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